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THE independence of married women was secured by law, and is definitely ascertained. The independence of unmarried women of mature years, which naturally follows and was bound to follow, depends not on statutory enactment, but on social custom and notions of propriety. Of course it takes longer to change the views of proper people upon propriety than it does to make a new statute; but the change is coming.

IT has been truly said that a congregation learns to give by giving: the more they give the greater and the easier will the gifts be. The man who hoards wants to have more and to give less. The man who learns to bestow finds the bliss of giving, and his purse strings move readily the oftener they are untied. The grace of giving, like any other, must be cultivated. Few can extemporize the habit. Many a pastor's salary comes hard because he does not train his people to appreciate the luxury of an open hand.

ANY one who will look, even casually, over a series of dictionaries of the English language, no matter who the authors may be, will see at a glance that our language is still in its formative period. Words that a hundred, even fifty, years ago were in the most common use are now obsolete, while others that were then unknown are now familiar to every one. Whether in all cases the changes have been improvements may be doubted, but it is surely true that the English language has now become a better vehicle for the transmission of thought than it ever was before.

IT is true murderers have little pity for their victims, and pay slight heed to possibility of sadness and misery when committing their crimes. But it must be remembered that society is not supposed to execute criminals from purposes of revenge. The sole logical defense for the taking of life by the state lies in the supposition that it is an act of self-defense, in that the act will deter the commission of similar crimes by others. If it shall be proved that the legal killing of criminals has not this effect, and that murders increase rather than decrease in states where capital punishment obtains, then will its defenders have lost their strongest argument.

LOOK at some of the northern states which have made a boast of their common schools and their general enlightenment. In Connecticut the increase in population was 19.84 per cent and the increase in school enrollment was 6.68 per cent. In Illinois the percentages of increase were 24.52 and 10.55 respectively; in Indiana, 10.82 and 0.96; in Massachusetts, 25.57 and 17.33; in Michigan, 27.92 and 17.82; in New York, 18 and 1.38; in Pennsylvania, 22.77 and 1.59. In all these and other northern states the school enrollment was smaller in proportion to population in 1890 than in 1880 and it may be inferred that there was an increase of illiteracy.

SURELY one may be pardoned for thinking we are approaching the overcrowded condition of Europe, with the attendant hardship in the struggle for existence, fast enough without exerting ourselves specially to quicken the pace.

We can trust to those who are already here to do all the urging that is necessary to bring new-comers. We have to concern ourselves now to arrest the incursion of paupers, lunatics, imbeciles, criminals, and, if possible, a horde of degraded people who know nothing about our institutions and will never learn, and the not more desirable apostles of anarchy and violence. What we have to do now is not to solicit, but to sift.

THE bicycle is gaining in favor each year, not simply as offering an agreeable pastime, but as an excellent means of recreation. Husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, lovers and friends, each on their own wheel, may be seen early in the morning or in the cool of the evening riding side by side on the avenues or boulevards leading to the parks. There is no rudeness, no dissipation—the wheel requires a clear head and steady hand. The pure air and increased deep breathing produce an exhileration and a glow which only those who know the sensation can appreciate. To deny women this healthful recreation on the score of immodesty is as irrational as it is strained and far-fetched.

THE most northern people of the world to-day are the handful of Eskimos, supposed to be about one hundred in number, called the Etah natives, who live upon the west coast of Greenland, between 76 and 79 degrees north latitude. For many years after Kane came home with his vivid and absorbing story of the isolated natives, they were supposed to have built their stone huts nearer the pole than any other human beings. We know now, however, that Ressels, Nares, and Greely found numerous traces of human occupancy as far north as the eighty-second parallel; and so long ago was it since they built their huts and sledges and hunted the bear and the walrus in [illegible] north of Grant Land that the [illegible] have only the

IN ABSENCE.

But yesterday, in yonder spot
Mine eyes could rest upon thy face,
And now there's but an empty space
Wherein I seek and find thee not.

All is the same, yet not the same!
The river flows, the flowers bloom,
The stars pierce through the darkling gloom,
And nature calls aloud thy name.

Now stranger eyes look into thine,
And stranger lips their welcome speak;
A stranger's kiss is on thy cheek;
But none can be to thee as mine!

For, north or south, or east or west,
Come storm or sunshine, weal or woe,
A truer heart thou'lt never know
Than that which trembles in this breast!
—Saturday Evening Post.

A MESS OF POTTAGE.

John Henry Briggs had been born and brought up in the country, and though he had spent some years in the city he claimed he had never been entirely weaned from the country. Though he had not seen a hill of beans planted in fourteen years yet he did not cease to tell his friends about his knowledge of farming, and how, when he was on the farm, his father used to raise crops the envy of that country side for miles around. Once in a while Mr. Briggs would get a notion into his head that he wanted some of the old-time country fare, and then his little wife was put to her wits' end to prepare ham and string beans or bacon and hominy in such a manner as to remind Mr. Briggs of his long-past country boyhood. Her efforts met with indifferent success, for though Mrs. Briggs can cook after the same formula that Mr. Briggs' mother used, she cannot give him the appetite of a hired man, or conjure up the conditions under which Mr. Briggs used to relish country fare.

One day this spring Mr. Briggs suddenly remembered how he used to relish boiled greens, and from that moment his one aim in life was to devour some once more. Mr. Briggs' aunt was stopping at his house for a few days when the fever struck him and she was consulted as to the proper ingredients and kinds of herbs. Spinach, pulse and curly dock with beet tops and mustard leaves.

As curly dock and mustard leaves were not to be procured in open market, a small boy was commissioned to invade the country and procure a sufficient quantity of those herbs.

The boy succeeded in his foreign mission, and it seemed as though Briggs was going to enjoy a meal of old-time boiled greens once more. He invited an old bachelor chum to take dinner with him, and the said chum readily accepted the invitation, not so much on account of the dinner of herbs, as because of a gentle and bashful passion that he entertained for Briggs' maiden aunt. The maiden aunt was aware of the tender sentiments of her nephew's friend, and knowing that old saying: "the easiest way to reach a man's heart is through his stomach," has considerable truth in it, she determined that the boiled greens should be a success. Mrs. Briggs usually superintended the culinary department, but to make sure that the cookery was going on in proper shape the aunt invaded the kitchen.

"Now Mrs. Briggs always is sparing of salt and terribly afraid of pepper," mused the aunt. "I think I'll put a little more of both in to be sure that there's enough. And I'm afraid she did not put in enough dock. There's nothing like plenty of dock in boiled greens."

So in went more salt and pepper, and another handful of dock. The aunt had barely retired from the kitchen when the mistress of the house entered and looked into the seething pot.

"I can't for the life of me remember whether I put in salt and pepper or not. John always says that I never season things enough; so to be sure of it I'll put in some anyway, and I guess a little more dock would not do any harm." Another dose of salt and pepper went into the boiling caldron.

Mary Ann, who was the actual bone and muscle of that kitchen, looked over the field a little later and decided that as her mistress often forgot to season what she was cooking, that it would be a good plan to put a little extra seasoning into the greens. She did so. And as she knew dock was good she put in an extra bunch.

Mr. and Mrs. Briggs, with aunty and the invited guest, gathered around the festive board, sparkling with cut glass and glittering with silver.

"Ah, it makes me young again," said Briggs, when the pottage was brought in, "to smell the savory odor of biled greens once more. I hope you prepared plenty, my dear." Mrs. Briggs replied that she thought she had prepared a sufficient quantity, or, to be more truthful, aunty had prepared them.

As Aunty had prepared them, the guest hastened to partake of them. There was a smile and look of pleasant anticipation on his face as his lips closed over a generous portion, but the smile vanished instanter and a look of astonishment not unmixed with terror, took its place. When he realized the flavor of his mouthful his first impulse was to spit, but he checked it and chewed manfully, with wearing jaw, like a cow with a thorn in her cud. In the meantime Mr. Briggs' aunt had taken a mouthful of the greens. When the taste of the mess became apparent, she barely suppressed a scream, and in her haste to get the dainty out of her mouth, the greens became tangled up in her custom-made teeth, and all went out together. Briggs was so engaged with his own anticipations that he did not notice anything amiss at the other side of the table.

"I tell you," he remarked, "the old time country provender is best, after all. Now this—" and he put some in his mouth. "Bah! oh! oh! Moses! What is this? It's poison!" and his eyes started and he grew red in the face, as he spit and sputtered.

"Why, what's the matter, my dear?" asked Mrs. Briggs, in alarm.

"Trouble! trouble!" he roared, continuing to spit. "What is this hellish stuff that you have made?" The guest, no longer able to contain himself, gagged, and his portion departed from him, while his countenance assumed a deathlike whiteness.

"We're poisoned," continued Briggs, "send for a doctor. Get an emetic; quick, somebody."

"I don't think we need an emetic," said the guest, making a bolt for the door.

For a few minutes confusion of the rankest kind held sway, but finding that they continued to live, the scare abated somewhat, and Mrs. Briggs and the aunt confessed to their seasoning the pottage.

"But what," said Briggs makes it so bitter? It is more bitter than the most poignant grief condensed.

Finally to settle the matter, some of the ingredients that had not been used were brought in.

"What's this; did you use any of that?" asked Briggs, holding up some leaves.

"Why yes," replied Mrs. Briggs, "we used plenty of that. That's dock."

"Yes, it's dock," said Briggs, "but it's burdock, and not curly dock, and burdock is the bitterest weed that grows on the face of the earth. If you two women, born and raised in the country, have so far forgotten your bringing up that you can't tell curly dock from burdock, it isn't safe to trust you to cook greens."

And Mr. Briggs' chum, with a tender passon for the aunt, thought so, too, and the aunt will never again try to reach a man's heart through his stomach.—Edwin Ralph Collins, in Texas Siftings.

HOW HE WAITED.

The Poor Hod-Carrier Exhibited the Sublimest Philosophy.

A hod-carrier was badly crushed, a fortnight ago, in New York, by the fall of a scaffolding while he was at work on a tall building, says the Argonaut. His fellows picked him up and bore him, bleeding and dusty, to a shady spot to wait for the ambulance. People were being prostrated by the heat all over the city, and the ambulances had been on the run all day. After about half an hour of suspense, a doctor, who was passing, was called over. He knelt down by the man, felt his crushed-in side, and examined his fractured skull. Then he shook his head and asked, softly: "Has he any friends among you?" "None of us knows him, sir," said the foreman. "Well, if any of you can get any information from him about his people, you'd better do so at once. Nothing can save him. It's only a question of a few hours." Brandy was procured and seemed to revive him, and he opened his eyes and looked around, but to all questions as to his name, his home, his parents, his wife, his children, etc., he gave no answer. "Well, old man," said the foreman at last, tenderly, "we can't do nothing at all for you, the doctor says, though you know we would if we could. The day is wearing on and our job must be finished. The ambulance will soon be here, so you won't take it hard if we leave you now, will you?" The hod-carrier looked up at him slowly and spoke with a great effort: "I've got to die, eh?" "Doctor says so." "How soon?" "Before sundown, my boy." "No help for it?" "No." "Well," with a long sigh, "you go on with your work and I'll go on with my dyin'," and he turned his head—shut his eyes—and—waited.

The Rudeness of Stupid Persons.

The unconscious rudeness of stupid persons is one of the most annoying of social vexations, and yet it is a thing which must be endured as part of the discipline of life.

A lady who had had her house done over in the most recent fashion was asked by every intimate friend who called to exhibit it from top to bottom. As she was one of the persons who have numerous intimate friends she filled the office of exhibitor pretty often, and of course each dear friend to whom she showed the house went away and made intimate friend comments upon it. One day a lady who was not of the inner circle of intimate friends called and before leaving asked to be taken over the house. The hostess showed her about and after all had been seen led the way back to the parlor.

"But you have not showed me all the chambers," the guest said.

"Yes, you have seen them all," was the reply.

"No," the caller insisted, "there is certainly one which I have not seen."

"I have shown you all the chambers there are," the hostess answered.

"Well," the other said, "I do not understand it. Mrs. Smith," naming the hostess' most intimate friend, "told me that there was one chamber that had the most vulgar paper on it that she ever saw, and I wanted to see that."

To which the hostess could only reply that whatever there was had been shown, and that the caller might decide for herself what chamber Mrs. Smith had meant.—Boston Courier.

Queen Anne's War.

In 1702 began the war known as "Queen Anne's War." In this war England fought against Spain as well as France. South Carolina was involved in a war with the Spaniards and Indians of Florida, while the northern colonies were struggling against Canada. The governor of South Carolina made successful inroads upon the Florida Indians, but he could not capture St. Augustine. Port Royal, in Nova Scotia, was again taken from the French in 1710, but the attempts made to take Quebec were once more a failure. The war was chiefly notable for the horrible onslaughts of the Canada Indians on some of the northern frontier. Deerfield, in western Massachusetts, was destroyed in 1704, and more than a hundred of its people carried into captivity. The war lasted about eleven years. A treaty was made in 1713, and there was a long peace between France and England.

A Fish in a Jug.

The toad-fish of America usually haunts the crevices of rocks, where it lays its eggs; but there is now on view in the Aquarium of the United States Fish Commission at Washington an ordinary jug, in which one of these curious fish has made its home. The jug was picked up from the bottom of Great Harbor, Wood's Holl, Mass., with a male toad-fish inside and a quantity of spawn adhering to the walls. Toad-fish have also been found at home in old boots, pieces of drain-tile and bottomless beer bottles. In the Aquarium at Washington there are stern battles for the freehold of these tenements, but the fish in possession is generally able to hold its own.

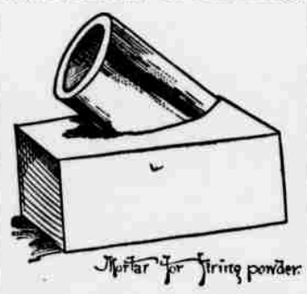
IT PRODUCES REAL RAIN

CONTRIVANCE THAT FORMS THE WORLD'S WONDER.

The Great Sahara May Yet be Made to Blossom With Foliage—Complete Description of Edward Powers' Great Invention.

Probably the greatest scientific triumph in all the world's history is the production of rain by scientific means. It is as yet only an experiment, but greater successes are looked for than have yet been accorded to the promoters of the phenomenon, if such it may be called.

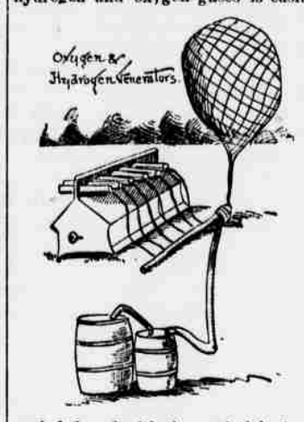
The history of this curious and important experiment is known to but few. Some years ago an Illinois engineer, Edward Powers by name, published a little book showing that many of the great battles of the world had been followed by rain, and arguing that it might be practical to produce rain by explosions of powder. He estimated, however, that the experiment would cost from $20,000 to $80,000, and his theory was not taken hold of. Senator Farwell, of Illinois, however, became much interested in the theory and, on talking with other members of Congress, who had war experience, found that they believed in the theory. He also found another supporter from another walk of life, and a very valuable contribution it was to the information on the subject. This supporter was no other than Senator Stanford, who said that his experience in building the Central Pacific road was in direct support of the theory. Much of this road was built through



a country where rain seldom, if ever, fell. Yet soon after the work began in this rainless region, and the heavy blasting that was necessary to cut the way through the mountains of granite was under way, there were frequent, almost daily rains, and this condition continued until the blasting ended and the road was built, when the rains ceased. Senator Farwell was so much impressed with the belief that he offered to draw his personal check for $5,000 to aid the experiment.

A clause was added to the appropriation bills in the second session of the last Congress, appropriating $9,000 for experiments, to be conducted under the direction of the Department of Agriculture. Gen. Dyrenforth, ex-Patent Commissioner, had given the matter some thought, largely through his acquaintance with Senator Farwell, and he was asked to take charge of the work. He began the study of the history of battles with reference to rainfall, then the question of explosives. He soon conceived the idea that if it is concussion that acts upon the air to produce this result, it would be better that the concussion should be in the stratum of air where the rain is to be formed. How to get it there was the question.

Being himself a graduate of the School of Technology, he was familiar with the fact that a combination of hydrogen and oxygen gases is easily

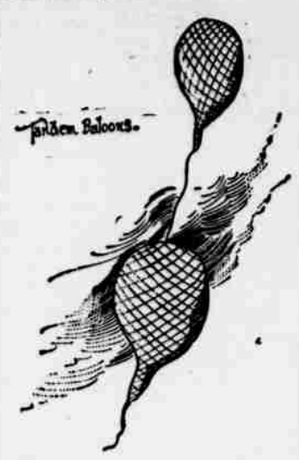


exploded, and with the most violent results. The happy thought suggested itself to his mind that these gases could be used to carry up the balloons which were to transport the explosives and that the very article furnishing the motive power might itself be the explosive best fitted for the work. He devised a machine for the production of oxygen in large quantities in the field, and finding that it worked perfectly, began the recent experiment.

The party consisted of Gen. Dyrenforth as general director of the work; Prof. Myers and G. W. Casler, balloonists; Dr. Rosell, chemist; Paul A. Draper, electrician; Geo. W. Curtis, meteorologist. The experiments began in a small way, with the explosion of a single balloon and observation as to the effect of the amount of moisture and electricity in the atmosphere immediately surrounding.

Captive balloons were sent up, carrying observers, to test the quantities of moisture and electricity at various heights of from 1,000 to 7,000 feet above the earth. These were connected by telephone with the earth, so that observations could be taken simultaneously with duplicate instruments at the earth and in the various strata of air at a distance of from 1,000 to 7,000 feet. If it is found that a stratum of air at a mile in height has more moisture than near the surface, experiments will be made to see what the effect of explosions there will be, and whether the rain, if produced, will be able to fall through the dry air below it without being absorbed.

When these preliminary experiments are satisfactorily made the grand experiment will begin. A line of explosives will be placed in about the position that a line of battle is arranged, stretching about three miles in length and a half mile in width. There will be various kinds of explosives. On the ground there will be mortars for firing "rack-a-rock" powder and dynamite, so that the earth may do its part in conveying the sound and motion from the concussion, and that the smoke, which is supposed by some to have some bearing, may also be present. There will be large kites, from six to twelve feet high, which will be sent aloft bearing a bunch of explosives at the tails and connected by a fine copper wire with a battery.



In order to get the required height with these they will be "driven tandem," attaching the end of as much line as the first one will carry to the second kite and sending both on up, attaching the second to a third, and so on. This plan will also be pursued where necessary in getting balloons, with wires attached, to the necessary height. The mortars planted and the kites in the air, the balloons will be sent up at a distance of say a thousand feet apart and the racket will begin.

The 100 balloons are from ten to twenty feet in diameter and capable of holding from 1,500 to 5,000 cubic feet of gas, hundreds of kites from six to twelve feet high, miles of copper wire, quantities of nitro-glycerine and dynamite and powder, batteries for generating electricity and machinery for generating hydrogen and oxygen. These machines devised for generating oxygen will make more oxygen in an hour than was ever made by any machine before in a day. They look like sheet iron stoves with steel cylinders stuck in at the top and connected by a rubber hose with the line of hose that leads to the balloon.

The tubes are filled with potassium chlorate and black oxide of manganese, and by heat furnished by the gasoline burners in the stove the gas is generated.

The experiment involves great possibilities, and its success would make the desert to blossom as the rose, and open homes for millions of people where now life is impossible.

Scientific Notes.

About twice as much power is required to stop an express train as to start one.

The total forest area of the United States is estimated at 481,764,599 acres.

There are nearly 6,000 pieces in a modern locomotive.

M. Eiffel, designer of the celebrated tower that was so striking a feature of the last Paris exposition, has a business eye upon the great Chicago show.

The steamer City of Paris consumes on an average 280 tons of coal per day while on her voyage.

A long list of imported brands of French peas is excluded from Massachusetts by the board of health because of artificial coloring.

An enterprising firm of Nevada county, Cal., have started a pulp-mill to grind up 2,000 cords of tamarack and fir for giant powder factories. Most of this pulp has been imported from Norway.

A German engineer has devised a new method for fixing a foundation under water. By means of a powerful blast of compressed air he drives powdered cement down into the sand or mud at the bottom of a stream. The action of the water immediately fixes the cement, and it becomes like solid rock.

One of the principal reasons why the ornamental hardware of a building often receives less attention than it should is the fact that it is left almost until the last moment and then hurried through in order that the work may be finished. There is no good reason why the subject should not be taken up quite early enough in the coarse of the work to enable a careful discussion and examination of all branches of the work to be made, and the orders placed so that the articles may be ready when needed, instead of being ordered at that time, and then driven through with a rush.

A German periodical gives statistics concerning the frequency of thunderstorms in the various regions of the world. Java has thunder-storms on the average ninety-seven days in the year; Sumatra, 86; Hindostan, 56; Borneo, 54; the gold coast, 52; Rio de Janeiro, 51; Italy, 38; West Indies, 36; South Guinea, 32; Buenos Ayres, Canada and Austria, 23; Baden, Wurtemberg and Hungary, 22; Silesia, Bavaria and Belgium, 21; Holland, 18; Saxony and Brandenburg, 17; France, Austria and South Russia, 10; Sweden and Finland, 8; England and the high Swiss mountains, 7; Norway, 4; Cairo, 3. In East Turkestan as well as in the extreme north thunderstorms are very rare.

Trouble Again.

"You dress that dog of yours too loudly," observed the exchange editor, scowling at the animal.

"You mean, I suppose," answered the financial editor fiercely, "that he ought not to have that brass band around his neck."

"No, I don't," rejoined the exchange editor, waving his shears defiantly. "I mean that I can hear his pants."—Chicago Tribune.

Making Sure.

Scene—A cheap restaurant in Rome.

"Waiter, have you any cats in this establishment?"

"Yes, two fine ones."

"Bring them here!"

The waiter does so.

"Now leave them here and order me a nice rabbit stew."—Philadelphia Times.

Important to Sportsmen.

Dominion collectors of customs have been notified that they may accept entry and duty, fishing rods, and other requirements of parties visiting Canada for sporting purposes, with the condition that the duty so paid will be refunded on proof of the exportation of the same within a period of two months from the date of entry.

A GREAT LEAP FOR LIFE

WHOSE DARING DEFIES EVEN A PARALLEL.

It Occurred During the Siege of Fort Henry in the War of the Rebellion—The Spot Where Elizabeth Zane Acquired Deathless Renown.

DURING the siege of Fort Henry, at Wheeling, in 1777, the fort where Elizabeth Zane acquired deathless renown, Maj. McCulloch rode through the Indians investigating the place, with forty mounted men, and reached the fort. The men though closely beset by the Indians, made their way into the gate which opened to receive them.

But McCulloch, like a brave officer, was the last man and he was cut off from his men and nearly surrounded by the Indians. He wheeled and galloped toward a lofty hill in the rear of the fort, beset the whole way by Indians, who might have killed him; but knowing him as one of the bravest and most successful Indian fighters on the frontier, wished to take him alive and gratify their full revenge by subjecting him to the severest tortures.

He intended to ride along the ridge, and then make his way to Short Creek; but on gaining the top he found himself headed by a hundred savages, while the main body were in keen pursuit in his rear. He was hemmed in on all sides but the east, where the precipice was almost perpendicular and the bed of the creek lay like a gulf nearly 200 feet below him. This, too, would have been protected by the cautious enemy, but the jutting crags forbade his climbing or even descending it on foot. And to attempt it on horseback seemed inevitable death to both rider and steed. But with McCulloch it was only a chance of death and a narrow chance of life.

He chose like a brave man. Sitting himself back in the saddle, and his feet firmly braced in the stirrups, with his rifle in his left hand and the reins adjusted in his right, he cast one look upon the approaching savages, pushed his spurs into his horse's flanks and made the decisive leap.

In a few moments the Indians saw their mortal foe, whose daring act they beheld with astonishment, emerging

from the valley below, still safely seated on his noble steed and shouting defiance to his pursuers.

After the escape of McCulloch the Indians set fire to the cabins and fences outside of the fort and then raised the siege. The defense had been admirably conducted by the garrison in the face of an enemy thirty times their number. In the hottest of the fight even the females showed great intrepidity, employing themselves in running bullets, preparing rifle patches and enforcing new life into the soldiers by words of encouragement. Inside of the fort not a man was killed, and only one wounded, while the loss of the enemy was from sixty to one hundred.

A BLAINE BOOMER.

The Young Woman Who Has Succeeded Gail Hamilton.

Miss Margherita Arlina Hamm is at present a sort of a favored cantineer in the army of newspaper correspondents in and about Bar Harbor. She is of French and Spanish descent, speaks three languages fluently, and has been writing in American and French newspapers and magazines since she was twelve years old. She has been taken up by all the leading society people at the Maine summer resort, it is said, and is a special protege of Mrs. W. C. Whitney and Mrs. George Kidd, of New York. Her grandfather was Gen. Pierre Hamm, of Canada, who was a leader of the Liberals in that country about forty years ago and who wrote a history of Canada. Just how her first managerial connection with the Blaine boom was made is not exactly known. Certain it is that she landed at Bar Harbor when Blaine himself did; that she dined at Stanwood and then went down to the telegraph office and wrote out her telegrams. It is now certain that all the favorable reports about Blaine's condition have

been sent over the country by her. She handles the Blaine boom at Bar Harbor for over thirty papers and it suits herself and the Plumed Knight.

COAT OF JESUS CHRIST.

Thousands to Journey to Treves from All Parts of the World to See It.

The pilgrimage of Americans to Europe to look upon the holy coat of Treves has begun. That is a long journey to look upon a relic. But this is an extraordinary relic—the most sacred in the keeping of the Catholic church.

To be sure, certain ecclesiastics have discredited its authenticity. But the mass of people in the Catholic church believe it is the garment the Savior wore.

When the announcement was made that the coat would be on exhibition this year it aroused much interest among good Catholics in America. Almost directly plans for pilgrimages were arranged. The first to go left on the steamer Friesland of the Red Star line, which sailed for Antwerp the other day.

Very old and famous is the city of Treves, in Rhenish Russia. It lies on the right bank of the Moselle, a ruin of former magnificence. In Treves are found the finest specimens of Romanesque architecture. Very splendid is the cathedral. A hundred years ago the city library contained 100,000 volumes. But the city is celebrated above all other things because in it is treasured the holy coat, which has received the most devout veneration from all good Catholics.

It was St. Helena who gave the coat to the city. It is said she was born in Colchester, England, late in the third century. She did not accept Christianity until she was eighteen. Then her zeal was extraordinary. Her pilgrimage to Palestine in the fourth century is a famous event in the history of the Catholic church. The object was to secure the cross upon which the Savior was crucified.

She found three crosses. The holy one was distinguished because it was said a mere touch healed an invalid. While searching for the cross St. Helena found the coat—the seamless coat. She secured what was considered positive proof that the Savior had worn the garment just before crucifixion.

When St. Helena returned to Europe she spent many years in Treves, which was then a famous religious center. She presented the coat to the cathedral.

The first mention made of the coat was in the fourth century. It appears in the Gesta Trevirorum. For centuries after that it was exhibited regularly. The Bishop of Bruno was consecrated in it in 1121. In 1196 it was translated from the chair to the high altar of the cathedral.

Then came the wars of the middle ages. In order to preserve the coat it was placed in the Castle of Ehrenbreutstein. There it remained for centuries, safely hidden away. In 1810, with the permission of Napoleon, the Bishop of Treves and Mgr. Mannay had it brought back to the cathedral.

It was made a religious festival. When it was placed upon exhibition 230,000 people flocked to see it. It was exhibited every seven years until 1844. That year its exhibition was one of the greatest religious excitements. Eleven bishops and over two million of the laity flocked to the city between Aug. 18 and Oct. 6. There were 9,000 from the United States.

For a number of years petitions have been made to the government, asking for permission to exhibit the holy coat. Hitherto it had been refused. Now it is expected that there will be a tremendous movement to Treves. It is said that 100,000 will go from America.

THE DUCHESS OF AOSTA.

She Is Creating a Sensation In English Society.

The duchess of Aosta, who is at present staying in England, has been during the past few weeks a prominent figure in society. She is an Italian princess and is closely connected with

the royal families of Savoy, Bonaparte and Braganza, being the daughter of Prince Napoleon Bonaparte and Princess Clotilde, of Savoy, and is the neice of the present king of Italy, her mother being the daughter of King Victor Emmanuel. She married the duke of Aosta, brother of King Humburt, a few years ago by special dispensation of the pope, which was granted because of deep and mutual affection. At the age of twenty-one she found herself a widow. The tiara and nice lace worn by her at the London Opera house at the recent gala representation there in honor of the Germans were a wedding present of the late emperor of the French to the Princess Clotilde. These jewels would not now be in the casket of the duchess but for the circumstance of Prince Napoleon being absent from Paris when the empire fell. His wife thus was able to take them with her on Sept. 6, 1870, to Turin and place them in the safe keeping of the King of Italy. Prince Napoleon resented this infringement on his marital prerogatives, he thinking he had the best right to gems paid for with French money. But Victor Emanuel did not mind. The Princess Clotilde hardly ever wore the tiara, finding that the Empress Eugenie thought it a too regal ornament for any head but her own. During her sojourn in England the duchess has been the guest of the queen at Windsor and of the Empress Eugenie, with whom both she and her brother, Prince Victor Bonaparte, are especial favorites. Her royal highness is now the guest of the Italian embassador and Countess Tornielli, and in the newly and exquisitely decorated embassy in Grosvenor square the Italian princess is surrounded by historical and artistic reminiscences of her beautiful country. She returns to Italy in October.

About Royal Dress.

The English royal Princesses have set the fashion for sisters not only to dress alike when they are unmarried, but to continue to do so after becoming wives.